THE

LIFE

OF

William Fuller,

THE

Late Pretended EVIDENCE

Now a Priſoner in the

King's-Bench.

Who was Declared by the Honourable Houſe of Commons, *Nemine Contradicente*, to be a Notorious Impoſtor, a Cheat, and a Falſe Accuſer of Perſons of Honour and Quality. With all his Pranks and Villainies, *&c.* to this Preſent Firſt of *March.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Abel Roper*, near *Temple-Bar.* 1692.

LIFE

OF

William Hulet,

THE BOOK-SELLER TO THE READER.

Gentlemen,

NOT to Flouriſh in the Matter, for that's not the Book-ſeller's Talent, in this ſhort Hiſtory I give you the Life of our New Plot Evidence, in which, conſidering the Perſon, a Young Fellow, Two Years within his Apprenticeſhip, his Age not above Twenty Two, of ſuch low Extract and Education, take all theſe together, perhaps, upon your Reading throughout, you'll acknowledge you have met with a Rarety beyond a Guzman, a Clancy, a Morrel, a German Princeſs, or any of our moſt Famous Impoſtors. I have this farther Recommendation to make you, That I have made it my Buſineſs to get the whole Contents from the Original Parties concern'd, there being but one Story in the whole Book, viz. That of Major-General K-'s, that I have not at firſt Hand, and that, though at ſecond Hand, I received from very Credible Authority. I have not done (as 'tis cuſtomary) built a great deal of Fiction upon a ſmall Foundation

of Truth. For either from his Master, the Merchants, Tradesmen or others, all Cheated by him, I have gathered my Intelligence all from their own Mouths, and dare confidently averr, there never was a Book *of this kind, that the Contents more faithfully adher'd to Truth than this. I have likewise inquired into all Affairs in the Gaol, have taken out his Copy of Actions, and received all my Relations in the* King's-Bench, *from the most certain Information. One thing is much to be admired, He is naturally one of the greatest Cowards living, and how so Low-Spirited a Cheat should attempt such Perillous Impostures in several Nations exposed to so many manifest Hazards and Dangers attending, is somewhat unaccountable. As to the List of the* 28 *Lords and* 15 *Commoners Accused by him, though I have had a True Copy of 'em, which I keep by me, I durst not presume to put such Honourable Names in Print, though God knows the vile Breath of such an Accuser has rather done them Honour, than otherwise. So bidding you welcome to what Entertainment you'll find, I am*

Your Humble Servant

A. R.

THE

THE LIFE OF William Fuller, &c.

TO begin with the Birth of our great Plot-maker, He was the Son of *William Fuller*, of *Milton*, near *Sitingburne* in *Kent*, by occupation a Butcher. His Father, now many years ago deceaſed, had the misfortune to break, and dye a Priſoner in the *Kings-Bench*; his Calamities in a high meaſure imputed to his Wife (our Evidences Mother) who perhaps, to ſay all, was too gay a Dame for a Butchers Wife.

The Son, under ſuch unhappy circumſtances, through the Fathers Deceaſe, and his Mothers ſecond Marriage, being left in a manner friendleſs, was bound Prentice to Mr. *James Hartley*, Citizen and Skinner of *London*, a Coney wool cutter in *Shooe-lane*, on the 4th of *Jan.* 1686.

His Introduction to this Maſter was by *Cornelius Harfleet*, Gent. (ſome time ſince one of the Evidences againſt Captain *Crone*) who was a perſon very intimate all along, and for ſome years before our young Coney wooll cutter was born, with both his Father and Mother.

Our Youngſter, though bound, (yet not ſtrong enough tyed) to a Trade, had a roving Head, and all along thought a mechanick employment too inferiour for his more aſpiring Ambition; and therefore, with a great reſtraint upon his nature, made but a hard ſhift to continue under the command of a Maſter.

He had not been a year and a half in his Apprenticeſhip before his Mother dyed: Now it happening that his Mother, poſſibly not altogether ſo obedient a Wife, as her ſecond Husband expected, had therefore now and then received a little corporal Correction from his hard Hand, and ſometimes from his harder Foot; more particularly not long before her Death ſhe had been a little diſciplined by a Cudgel, or ſome ſuch Family Inſtrument. The Son therefore upon the news of his Mothers departure, and remembring the Caſtigation ſhe had often received from his Father-in-law, deſires his Maſters leave to go down into *Kent* to inquire into the death of his Mother, alledging that the Blow ſhe had received from her Husband had been the cauſe of her Death; and that he deſigned this Journey only to proſecute his Father-in-law for her Murther.

The Confidence he expreſt in this matter half perſwaded his Maſter to give him a little credit, and to fancy there might be ſomething in it; and truly in ſo reaſonable a requeſt he could not refuſe him the favour deſired. Our Youngſter reſolving to bring his Evidence hand in betimes, being an early Affidavit-man, moves to *Kent* with no leſs Indignation upon the Anvil, than bringing in Daddy-in-law to the Bar for his Life.

Down therefore to the Country he goes; and truly makes bold to ſay ſome hard words to his Father, in relation to his Mother; which the Father, as an honeſt man, was very able to anſwer, having really done nothing but what he could juſtifie, his correction to his undutiful Wife being no more than ſhe was able to bear, and leſs than ſhe deſerved. The Son, to do him juſtice in this matter, was not ſo over-zealous

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for his Mothers death (that being the leaſt of his concern) as deſigning to fright his Daddy out of a ſumm of Money to tye up his Tongue (Evidencing being indeed a Trade, and Money the grand deſign of Swearing.) And therefore all his loud Clamour and the formidable proofs he threatned to bring againſt him, on the account of his Mother, really deſigned more vengeance againſt his Purſe than his Life. If that bled but heartily the other might ſcape whole. But, alas, he found his project in vain, for the honeſt Yeoman being hardy enough to ſtand out the ſtorm, and defying whatever Juſtice or Judge could do to hurt him, was ſo far from being over-reacht that way, that truly the whole expectation was defeated; our Threatner ſo far ſhort of gaining his point, that he was forced to quit his Cudgels; and after a fortnights ſtaying, come pennyleſs to Town; his Daddys Reputation and Innocence ſtanding both too well fortified againſt all Attacques of this kind.

Returning home to his Maſter, with much ado he continued with him till the 10th of *June*, 88. the memorable Jubile day for the birth of the Young Royal Hopes, the Prince of *W.* But whether over tranſported with the joys of that mighty Feſtival, or too much elevated with Bonefire making to bring his hand back to any poorer mechanick drudgery, he took occaſion to walk off, or as ſome call it, run away from his Maſter.

Thus ſcamper'd, our young Coney-skin cutter could not be heard of by his Maſter, till he found his diminutive Renegade a Page to the Right Honourable, and in thoſe days Right Mighty, Earl of *Melfort*. And truly to qualifie him for that dignified poſt, he had taken the then fashionable Teſt, *viz.* turned *Romiſh* Convert; a young but paſſionate Zealot (as far as the little uſe he had for Religion requir'd) for the Popiſh perſwaſion. In this gay Livery, and in this Honourable Family, being ask'd by ſome friends from his Maſter why he deſerted his ſervice, he made anſwer in theſe very words, That *truly he could not ſerve his great God in a Pro-*

teſtant

teſtant Family, which was all the reaſon he had to leave his Maſter.

With this Noble Peer he continued till the days of *Abdication:* but then the greater Buntings all taking wing, this young unfledged Squab was left behind; and whether too ſhame-fac'd (if I wrong him not in laying ſhame to his charge) to return to his Maſter; or for what other reaſons his volatile *Mercury* prompted, he footed it down to his late *Kentiſh* Daddies, though truly not with his late terrible countenance he made his laſt viſit there, having more uſe at preſent of a ſuppliant face; for his ſtock low, and wages and gay Livery both ſpent, he had occaſion of ſheltering under his Roof, and creeping to his Table, as a much humbler Gueſt.

But, alas, his Reception here proved not ſo favourable as wiſht. His Father in Law having made a ſecond venture, and marryed again, here was a Mother in Law two degrees removed, to be pleaſed: And though the good forgiving man had forgotten his laſt rough Treatment, and conſequently his Houſe and Table were free for him; however the new Major Domo, the Mother, had not an overfond affection for him; and having unluckily heard of his Romiſh Converſion, through her averſion to Popery, ſhe would by no means ſuffer him to live in the Houſe. The Son, to remove all Obſtacles of that kind, was ready immediately for Recantation, Renunciation, Abjuration, and what not. He expreſt all the ſorrow in the world for his being miſled, and ſo ſhaking off his Romiſh Superſtition, as eaſily as he could ſhift his Linnen, declared himſelf a penitent Re-convert, and deſired nothing more than his Re-admiſſion to the Boſom of his abandoned Proteſtant Mother Church. But his forſaking his Husks, could not bring him to the fatted Calf. His Infidel Mother-in-law would by no means be ſatisfied with the reality either of Proteſtations or Tears, nothing belike would convince her of his Re-converſion: So that, in ſhort, here was no home to be had, not ſo much as a Cockloft for him to rooſt in.

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Under these melancholly circumstances, his Pride some-what lower'd, he condescends to think of returning to his Master; and therefore to smooth his way home again, (for his affairs stood not very well there neither, as with good Reason being not at present in his masters very good graces) he writes him a great many pityful Letters, earnestly imploring of him to receive him again, and making wonderful protestations of Amendment, together with his utterly abjuring his Romish Delusion, and his promises of intire Reconciliation to the Church of *England*.

His Master being not over easily softned, as having but too just Occasion of Resentment, he writes several Letters full of the same promises to Mr. *Harfleet*, and beseeches his Mediation to his Master. Mr. *Harfleet* having a most natural Affection for him, (for truly the Boy was extreme like him, so like him that you should rarely see a Son liker a Father) was not wanting in all the good Offices he could do on this occasion, and in a short time made a perfect Reconciliation, and so called home the Fugitive.

The Wanderer being returned, Mr. *Harfleet* promised very lavishly for his Reformation, and often would visit his Master on the Young mans account. In several discourses with the Master and Patron, between jest and earnest, the Patron was often taxed for being perhaps a little nearer than ordinary related to the Youngster, and therefore his Zeal in obliging him, looked like a natural Affection towards him. The Patron, not to belye him, would not plainly own himself his Father, but has several times (swore not to use the plain Language he spoke it in) that he had kist his Mother a hundred and a hundred times. And truly if you'll take the word of an Evidence in his own Cause, 'tis much to be imagined our Minor Evidence is a Gentlemans Graft upon a Butchers Crab-stock.

But to return to our History; as large as the promises have been, and as humble and dutyful a Servant as he intends to be, in a short time he grew a perfect Reprobate; would use little

shifts out of his Masters small dealings to miscount his Money; kept a private book to enter Wares trusted, and if his Master mist 'em not, demanded and received the Money for himself. He had not kept home this last time above 3 months, when, about *Michaelmas* 89, Mr. *Harfleet* came to borrow him of his Master for 3 or 4 days service to Major *Kidgell* (afterwards another Witness against Mr. *Crove*;) the Master kindly complyed and lent him, but Mr. *Harfleet* when he had borrowed him, took care never to see him paid again; for in six or eight months after his Master never set eye of him; Insomuch that he call'd Mr. *Harfleet* to account about it, and receiving no satisfactory Answer, threaten'd him with no less than prosecuting him for Spiriting away his Servant: Mr. *Harfleet* at last gave him the satisfaction of showing him his man again about six months after, about *April*, 90, at *Joes* Coffee-house in *Salisbury-Court*, in a Rich Coat and all Accoutrements answerable, two Footmen at his heels, and the Secretary's Protection in his pocket, and in fine, much too great for a Coney wooll cutter to grapple with.

In this five months past he had been in *France*, as we suppose, and 'twas here that he pick'd up his Plot, the vengeance whereof fell first upon Mr. *Crove*, when tho' Senior Mr. *Harfleet* and the Junior *William Fuller*, with Major *Kidgwell* were the Triumvirate Testimony against him.

In this advancement he made an extraordinary bluster about Town; and soon after past for a Major of a Regiment, particularly to one Dr. *P——n*, a Physician in *Kent*, and formerly his acquaintance: upon an accidental meeting between 'em, with a very magisterial behaviour, and a great many Bravadoes, he talk'd of prodigious Interest he had at Court, and professing great friendship for the Doctor, he proffer'd him any service he pleas'd to command him there. Would the Doctor be the Queens Physician, if he pleas'd to accept of that preferment, 'twas in his power to give it him; with Promises as large, as ever *Wickham* made Legacies; therefore desiring him not to be modest, but ask and have, he assured

him he should not be three days without it. The Doctor who gave little credit to such Mountain promises, yet nevertheless being better bred than rudely to contradict so vain a Boaster, gave him the favourable hearing, and courteously replyed, that he was by no means qualified for that Dignity, and whatever favour the Major was able to do him in it, however his own want of merit would not give him leave to aspire so high. The Major swore a great many Oaths, that 'twas his own fault if the Doctor did not accept of his kindness; for with a very hearty Oath, he told him he could do it with a wet Finger, nothing more easie. The Doctor still modestly refusing, the Major then prest him to accept of a lower post, a Doctor to a Regiment. The Doctor, though really giving little credit to any thing he said, yet seemingly satisfied with his last kind proffer, he thanked him for his great goodness, and if the Major would do him the Honour to let him know where he might wait upon him, or write to him, possibly he would make bold to embrace his Favour in somewhat of this kind, and acknowledge his Friendship for so signal an Obligation. The Major hereupon tells him that he would not fail in serving him in this, or a greater matter; and as his affairs called him to his command in *Ireland*, whether in some few days he was upon setting forwards, he called for a Pen and Ink and left this Direction for the Doctor to write to him, *viz. Direct your Letter for the Honourable Major* William Fuller, *in the Right Honourable the Lord* Sidney's *Regiment.*

This direction did the Doctor keep by him, and has several times produced it in company, all of *Fullers* own hand writing, to laugh at the Impudence of so much Pride and Vanity, in a Fellow, that knew the Doctor was no stranger to his birth, as a Butchers Son, his sometime Neighbour in *Kent*, and yet thus arrogantly to write himself Honourable.

This Summer he took a Ramble to *Ireland*, where he staid but a short time, however he lived well there, for he never wanted some bubble or other to bear his travelling charges in

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what Country ſoever; he had either Bills or Shams, or ſomething in all places that brought him in a comfortable Subſiſtence.

From *Ireland* he returned, and lived about Town in a pretty ſplendid Equipage, for he had not only ſo many fair words at pleaſure, but likewiſe that innocent Face, that it was hard to ſuſpect him a counterfeit. Here by his ſeveral wheadles he run into a great many Tradeſmens, and others Debts (witneſs the large Sums that now lye upon him in the *Kings bench*) for his reſolution, young as he was, was to live apace; for inſtance, he got 50*l.* into a Mercer in *Covent-garden*'s books. From a paſtry Cooks near St. *James*, pretending himſelf a perſecuted Romaniſt, with ſhams and ſtorys, in money and otherwiſe, he hooked out 80*l.*

But the neateſt ſham was put upon one Coll. *C*——an old Cavalier and Loyal Officer to King *Charles* I, living not far from *Weſtminſter* Abby. Spying a Bill upon this Gentlemans door, he comes one day thither in a Chair attended by his man, where deſiring to ſpeak with Madam *C*—— the Lady of the Houſe, and pretending himſelf a Country Gentleman newly come out of the Country, and that he had brought his Siſter up with him to ſee the Town, he wanted a Lodging for her, and none could pleaſe him like her houſe, for he underſtood 'twas a ſober Family, and 'twould be a great happineſs to his Siſter to have the Converſation of the two young Ladies Madam *C*—— Daughters, and truly on that conſideration he would give her any content, and not ſtand with her for price. Upon this they ſtrike up a bargain, and in 2 days he brings his Siſter in her Country attire. When ſhe had been there a while, he deſired ſhe might go to the dancing School along with the two young Ladies, being very deſirous to have her take her education, in all things, from two ſuch fair Examples; but firſt he ſo far inſinuates with the good Collonel and his Lady, as to buy for his Siſter ſuch new Cloaths and other neceſſaries, as might dreſs her up a ſuitable Companion to two ſuch gentile young Ladies, promiſing to

pay

repay all very ſpeedily with gratifications, &c. The kind perſwaded old Lady accordingly takes her out and new rigs her from top to bottom, gives her all the breeding of her own Daughters, ſupplys her with every thing, a good Table, fair Lodgings, and what not. This coutinued above half a year, without one penny payment from the Country Gentleman, the Brother; though continual fair words and promiſes were never wanting, and ſeveral very extravagant Letters came on that occaſion, ſome whereof are as follows.

The firſt Letter. *March* 7. 1691

Madam,

I Am almoſt half diſtracted that I have thus been forced to diſappoint you; Which I am moſt heartily aſhamed of: My Banker to whom I committed the care of receiving two hundred Pounds, on Tueſday *laſt, I fear is gone off, I have been every day this week to meet him but can never find him within: He ſent me word he would be with me this morning, but is not come, nor is he at his own houſe, which grieves me much; for I have not only diſappointed you but others; but I am reſolved if poſſible to find him, but whether I do or not, at the beginning of the next week I ſhall receive two hundred Pounds more, and then you ſhall command what you pleaſe of me, and now if your neceſſities are great, I am contented to pawn ſome things for you: for I do proteſt I have not by me twenty Shillings, by reaſon I thought my Money ſafe in that fellows hands; but if it is not much to your prejudice, I ſhall bear my loſs the more contented, for I am aſhamed to ſee you till I bring your Money.*

Your humble Servant,

W. Fuller.

This Letter though dated 91, was laſt *March* 90. But you have it from the original verbatim, as he penned it.

The Second Letter *Monday March* 30, 1691

Madam,

THE great Obligations you have laid on me, by your care of my dear Sister, and your kindneſs to my ſelf in this time of want, juſtly compels me to acknowledge the Favour; and though it is ſo great, I will ſhortly if poſſible find out ſome way partly to requite it. neither will I ceaſe there, but always whilſt I live will ſtudy to be grateful to you The Queen has this morning paſſed an order for all my Moneys to be paid me, and to morrow morning I hope it will paſs the great Seal, the Sum is near two Thouſand Pounds, which I am certain of in a few days, I am juſt now going by her Majeſties Command to a grand Conſultation of Chief Officers, ſo that I cannot poſſibly wait on you; but will on the firſt opportutuuity, and will not fail ſhortly to oblige you with what Money you deſire. My humble Service to all, I am

Madam, Yours,

W. Fuller.

This ſecond Letter, beſides the Rhodomontades in the Contents, I muſt make one farther remark upon. When our great Courtier was ſolliciting at Court for the broad Seal for 2000*l.* due from the Queen, that very day *March* 30. 91. he was in a Spunging Houſe, a priſoner for debt, in an Action charged 39*l.* 17*s.* And another of 20*li* From whence the 1ſt of *April* following, he was by *Habeas Corpus* removed to the *Kings-Bench.*

But he ſtaid not there long, for he made hard ſhift (his credit being not quite crackt) to get bail ſoon after.

The

The Third Letter *May* 5. 1691.

Madam,

I Hope once more of your wonted goodneſs, you will pardon me for not waiting on you ſince yeſterday.

I could by no means get an opportunity of ſpeaking to the Queen, by reaſon her Majeſty went to viſit the Counteſs of Suffolk; *I am now going to wait for an opportunity, but ſomething unfit by reaſon I had the misfortune yeſterday to rinch my Foot; if I do not ſucceed this day, to morrow by Gods leave, I will go to the A. Bp. of* Canterbury's: *nor will I miſs of any occaſion to forward my my buſineſs, that I may make both you and my ſelf eaſie, and my Siſter happy. Who am, Madam,*

Your ever Obliged and Faithful Servant,

W. Fuller.

You ſee Reader, by what management our young Arts-Maſter put upon the world. For indeed 'twas much at this high ſort of Romance that he gained ſo much credit, and run into theſe numerous debts, in ſo few exttavagant Years. (neither Kings, Queens, Princes nor Prelates, no names too ſacred for him) He's an Officer, a Courtier, a Stateſman, a Politician; our beardleſs Privy Councellour call'd to Conſultations, and what not: Has Broad Seals and Royal thouſands all at command: Every thing and any thing to look great.

But to return to our gay Boarding Siſter, you ſee that Cheating and Impoſture may run in a Blood; this young Country Damſel, with the ſame taint in her Veins, a tang of her Brothers Pride, could hold her falſe countenance with no leſs aſſurance, than his own hardned front; and paſs for a Country Lady, eat, drink, and ſleep, with Women of Quality,

in her falſe trappings of Honour, her unpaid-for Gallantry, their Friend, their Companion and Equal; run on Tick to ſupport her Vanity, and put her Romantick Brother to the expence of ſo many impudent Forgeries, ſuch lying Epiſtles, and all to gratifie a natural Ambition, the itch of a little Prodigality, the Family's frailty.

But to purſue our Hiſtory; the Collonel and his confiding Lady have not only lodg'd, fed, and rigg'd this Lady Errant, but ſchool'd, pamper'd and danced her too, and all to the Tune of Patience. Our young All-plot having talk'd all, but done nothing, banter'd and ſhuffled ſo beyond all humane ſufferance, that goodneſs itſelf can bear no more; at length they come to this prudent reſult, to attach the gay Rigging in their own hands, the rich garniture they had bought her, and ſo forgiving her her Boarding, Lodging, Schooling and Dancing, they fairly turn'd out the poor Spinſter in her own proper Accoutrements, the Country weeds ſhe came in, to ſhift in the wide world, and exerciſe her own and her Brothers wheadling faculty for a new Lodging at another Landlord and Landladys as kind as they had been.

But this current of Felicity was not always to run on unſtopt; for as a ſmall check to his career, on the fifth of *June* he was ſnapt, and committed once more to the *Kings-Bench*.

Now this ſecond time with his Stone-Doublet on, being a little faſter noos'd than before, he was ſoon loaded with 3 or 4 hundred pound Actions, and our Spark too well known to be Bail'd: However, to keep up his port and character, he ſtill carries the Title of a Collonel, and Grandee-like, keeps a man to wait upon him in priſon.

One Comical paſſage during his confinement is worth the Readers hearing. It happened that one Major *Collingwood*, ſometime a Brigadeer of the Guards, was then his fellow Collegiate; with whom contracting an Acquaintance, and having one *Sunday* invited the Major to Dinner, after a good Treat, and the Bottle going briskly round, (for our Collonel lived nobly) the Major, amongſt other chat, ask'd him very

frankly,

frankly, how ſo young a man as he, (being then not above 22) came to be made a Collonel? Our young Commander immediately replyed, *For his Services at the* Boyne: And thereupon he makes a moſt heroick relation of Exploits he perform'd there, as a Volunteer, of that extravagant Gallantry equal to Captain *Braggs* Bell-clapper feats at *Buda*) that he told him King *William* took particular notice of him, and in the very heat of the Battel clapping him upon the ſhoulder, *Well* Fuller (ſays the King) *thou art the braveſt young lad in all my Army*, and immediately upon the ſpot gave him a Collonels Commiſſion. The Brigadier, who was prepared to ſwallow the Jeſt, made anſwer, that no Honour could be ſo great as what was gotten in the Field; and truly he much wondred the King did not dub him a Knight Bannoret. *But pray noble Collonel*, continues the Major, *were you a Collonel of Horſe or of Foot?* Our young Field-Officer having not his memory about him, could not readily anſwer to that point, but upon ſecond thoughts fancying the Major pincht upon him, *Why Sir* (recollecting himſelf) *do you think* (ſays he) *that I tell you a lye? If you won't believe me, ask my man here, he was there with me, and ſaw the King give me my Collonels Commiſſion. You Sirrah* (turning to his man) *did not I do ſo and ſo, &c.* (repeating all over again) *and for my Courage and Services at that famous Battel did you not ſee the King ſeal me a Coll's Commiſſion?* No, by G--d, replys the man. *How Rogue, Dog, Raſcal!* crys Maſter) and flings a Glaſs of Claret in his Face: The fellow, a ſturdy Lad, his Eyes ſomewhat ſmarting, and his Indignation a little provoked, returns his Maſters civility by fairly knocking him down. For though neither Fire nor Steel, Halbert nor Pole-axe could fell him at the *Boyne*, a box o'the Ear was a little too heavy here; ſo riſing up again (for the Fall was not mortal) the Collonel in heat of blood ſomewhat forgetful of his honour, to match his Proweſs with varlets, nevertheleſs enters into ſingle Combat at Loggerheads with his man. In ſhort, a moſt terrible fray enſued between 'em, ſometimes one uppermoſt and ſometimes

t'other; till the Major at laſt, to make a Battel Royal of it, comes in for the third; for having a ſmall walking Crab-tree utenſil in the Room, which he called *Marjery*, he makes bold to lay on. And though he ſeemingly let fly only at the Squire, he let ſome chance drubs fall upon the Knights Shoulders, till maſter and man, to ſhield from this new Aſſailant, drew off at ſome diſtance, and ſtood at bay. The Major, as if his whole vengeance was intended only for the impudent Varlets back, began to ſwear as hard now, as he threſh'd before. *Sirrah, Villain, Scoundrel,* (crys the Major) *G-- D--mn you for a Son of a Whore, what does your Maſter give you wages for, but to lye for his Credit? if your Maſter had ſaid he had been a Major General, were you ſo impudent a Raſcal as to deny it. D—— him, let me cut the Rogues Throut.* The fellow pretty well ſatisfied with the Cudgelling already received, would not ſtay for any further engagement, but fairly facing to the right about, marches off with ſome Precipitation, and the Maſter after him, crying very vehemently to the Turn-key, *Stop the Rogue, and by no means to let him go out.* The Turn-key made anſwer, He was no Priſoner, and 'twas more than he could juſtifie to ſtay him. *Ay but* (replies the Collonel, with his Noſe a little dripping) *do you ſee what the Raſcal has done, he is a Dog and a Villain, and has abuſed me.* Nay, for that matter (quoth Turn-key) I am neither Conſtable nor Juſtice of Peace, and ſo opening him the door he gives him the compliment of [*Run Raſcal*] and ſo troops off *Valet de Chambre*; and never found the way back again.

Our Collonel though loaded with ſo many hundred Pounds (as I told you) nay and though ſo formidable a Hero at the *Boyne*, nevertheleſs found that favour from the Houſe as now and then to be truſted abroad with a ſingle keeper, particularly on the fifteenth of *July* following, he prevailed with one of the Turnkeys to take him abroad to *Weſtminſter*. The Turnkeys wife who had been often promiſed a ſmall token of Love from the Collonel, for her Husbands former civilities to him, was pleaſed to be very high both with the Collonel and Husband

band for Nonperformance of Articles. *Well, what would she have?* Why truly he ſhould preſent her with a *Topknot* and a *Commode.* Very well, the Collonel upon honour would not fail equipping her at one of the Milliners in *Weſtminſter*-Hall. No, troth that won't do, for either ſhe wanted faith, being ſo long promiſed before, or elſe would not truſt to the Collonels fancy; ſhe had rather have one of her own chooſing. *Then Madam,* replyes the Courtier, *there's a Guinea, pleaſe your ſelf.*

So all parties well ſatisfyed, her Spouſe and his Martial charge the Collonel, move immediately to *Standgate*, and there take Oars for *Weſtminſter* Bridge. At their landing the Turnkey trips out of the Boat firſt, and turning back to look for his Priſoner, he found him ſtept over into a Galley, a boat with 4 Oars, that lay ready for him, and puſhing off with all might and main towards *Whitehall.*

The Turnkey immediately bellows at no ſmall rate, in the Kings name, and what not to ſtop him. To take Boat and follow him was in vain, for the Galley was too nimble for any common Oars, beſides the Watermen were of the Col. party. In ſhort he has no way but to leap into the *Thames*, which at that time at the very ſhore was near middle deep. So full cry he flounces in, with all the Expedition he could make after him; but all in vain, the Coll. was got to *Whitehall* ſtairs before him; where the Watermen made a fair open Lane for him, whilſt the dripping water-rat came too late to catch him. Some ſmall Hubbub was made at the ſtairs on this occaſion, but all to no purpoſe, our new Courtier was in his own Element, and our Collonel-Hunter ſnapt too ſhort to reach him: and the Jeſt of this pleaſant Adventure went ſo far, that the Queen, inquiring into the occaſion of the Huzzas and Hollows at her watergate, was informed *that only a young Bloodhound, had ſlipt his Collar, an Evidence of hers was got looſe.*

The

The poor Turnkey, poſſibly what with his great Heat within, and his cooling freſh water pickle without, together with his dolorous Affliction for his loſt Priſoner, ſoon fell ſick, and dyed before the end of the month.

After this nimble conveyance out of his enchanted Caſtle, he began in prudence to conſider, that *London*, and indeed little *England* might ſoon grow too hot for him, and therefore he reſolves for a Ramble for *Flanders*: but before we ſhew you his Adventures there, we ſhall relate ſome particulars of his Iriſh Frolicks, which were unhappily forgotten, in his forementioned Iriſh Expedition.

In *Ireland* by the Title of Squire *Fuller*, his Abode was at *Dublin*, he lodged at a Barbers in *Colledge Green*, where he lived at that extravagant Expence, that notwithſtanding he wheedled one Capt. *Vaud*—a Dutch Officer out of 100*l.* and ſome other people of conſiderable Sums by drawing of Bills upon an eminent Merchant in *Woodſtreet* (for to countenance his ſhams he made uſe of no little names for his Correſpondents) he run in his Landlords and ſome others debts near 100*l.* more, who having occaſion for their money, and (as with good Reaſon) preſſing a little hard for it, to get his heels looſe to return for *England*, he wheedled in an honeſt man to be bound for it, with Oaths and large promiſes of returning it as ſoon as he came to *England*. But about 6 months after came a moſt miſerable Letter from his kind Bondsman, directed for him to a Houſe near *Cheapſide* (whether he uſed to direct his own Letters) deploring his ſad condition, himſelf in *Dublin* Goal, for the Debts he ſtood engaged for him, which he was utterly uncapable of ſatisfying; and that unleſs he returned the Money according to his promiſe, he muſt periſh in Priſon, and his Wife and Children ſtarve. This Letter lying long in their hands, and none of our Wandring Spark at that time to be found, they made bold to open it, and found theſe lamentable contents in it. Had the Letter not been loſt you had had it at length.

At

At his first coming back from *Ireland*, at a Tradesmans in *London*, he talked of most Stupendious Wonder he had performed there: that he was a Collonel of Horse, had been at the Siege of *Lymrick*; That the Lords Justices had resolved to make him a Lord Commissioner, and as an Earnest of their Favour, had already given him the Lord *Clancarties* House, (what he meant by this unaccountable Gibberish I understand not) that he was to have Twelve Sub-Commissioners under him, the worst of their places worth 50 *l.* and the best 100 *l. per Annum.* But these over and above Extravagant Vapours he only made use of, where he thought High Words and Small Sense would pass Current.

But let us return to our *Flanders* Voyage.

Accordingly himself, with his Man to attend him, and Entitled Collonel *Fuller*, he went down to *Gravesend* to take Shiping for *Holland*: Meeting with Honest Capt. ——— that carried the King over, the Collonel struck up with him for 10 Guineas (a Sum bid like a Chapman) to wast him over, saying, He was a Collonel and was going to his Command: The Captain paid him a more than ordinary Respect, and gave him the best Treatment his Vessel could afford. When he came cross the Water, the Collonel had not Money enough to pay the Sum contracted, but writes a Bill for the Captain to receive 10 Guineas in *Amsterdam*, which at present very well satisfied the Captain: But when he came to get his Bill accepted, he received an unexpected Answer, That they knew no such Collonel, nor had any such Sum so payable. This Disappointment put the Captain into no good Opinion of his Collonel; however, he resolved to say nothing, because he found himself bubbled. But his good Fortune in about a Fortnights time after, made him accidentally meet his unlook'd for dear Collonel at *Rotterdam*. The Captain makes up to him, and catching him fast by the Hand, made bold to tell him, that his Bill was not worth a Farthing. *No*, replyed *Fuller*, with a look like a Dead Man, (being not a little surprized) *Captain*, says he, *I am heartily*

ſorry for it, and beg your pardon, here are four Piſtole's for you, Swearing a great Oath, 'twas all he had; and ſo in haſte took his Leave, whilſt the Captain was very glad to get ſo hand-me a Compoſition for a Debt ſo deſperate.

However this croſs Adventure did not baulk our Knight Errant, and pretending to be a Man of great Quality, no leſs than a Nephew to the Lord *S*——, he carried on the Diſguiſe ſo artfully, and inſinuated himſelf into the Favour of Major General *K*——, whom he ſaw at *Bruſſels*, that he ſtruck up his Heels for 200 Guineas, and was ſo intimate with him as to ride in his Coach with him, the Major General thinking no favour too great for a Perſon ſo nearly Related to his Lordſhip, and one that behaved himſelf ſo much like a Perſon of Quality. Till one *Day* meeting his Lordſhip, he could not forbear telling him how hopeful a Young Gentleman he had for his Nephew, whom he had the particular Honour to be Acquainted with, not a little priding himſelf in his Friendſhip and Converſation, and giving his Lordſhip a very extraordinary Character of him. My Lord was much ſurpriz'd, and utterly diſown'd any Relation of that Name, and being ſhowed the Perſon, and asking him what Countrey he was of, and which way his Relation to my Lord came in, he ſaid he was of the *Fullers* of *Kent*, that truly he had the Happineſs to be ſomewhat Related, though not ſo near as a Nephew, to his Lordſhip, 'tis true as he much feared, it was his Misfortune to be an preſent unknown to his Lordſhip, however he hoped his Lordſhip would pardon his Boldneſs, in laying claim to ſo high an Honour, it being impoſſible for him to do leſs than pride himſelf, though in the moſt diſtant Affinity to a Family of that Worth and Glory as his Lordſhips. My Lord not altogether ſatisfied with this Complement, was pleaſed to ſignifie his Pleaſure, that he deſired him to forbear laying farther claim to his Kindred, for if he did, he would have a Paper pin'd to his Back, and have him Bumbaſted by his Footmen through the Camp, that it might be known how little Reſpect he had for his

Nephew

Nephew. This terrible Answer put our Spark into some Mortifying Consternations, and the Major General into some small surprize, which timely warn'd our Rebuked Gallant to walk off to shelter from his Lordship's Indignation, or rather in prudence to retire from a more formidable danger; some hard Questions that possibly might arise about his 200 Guineas, rais'd upon so Insolvent a Pawn as the Credit of his Lordships Kindred. And therefore modestly withdrawing before the Major General was prepared to make any such Motion, he left the Room, and in less than half an hour after, the Town.

Here at *Brussels* he had all along kept a Coach and Four Horses, to drive backward and forward to the Camp, *&c.* at Six Crowns a day Expence; though truly his Man *Kent* (for that was his Name) had often in several Companies, reproved his Masters Extravagance in not bringing over his own Coach and Horses, and so have saved all this needless Charge.

But having occasion at present to move off *incognito*, his Coach and Four Steeds were no further useful, the Man and Master making the best of their way from this dangerous Town, with all the Privacy Requisite.

From hence his Pocket pretty well lined he gets to the *Hague*. Here he did not think the bare Title of Coll. which at highest amounted but to *Honourable*, sufficient for the Figure he intended there, and therefore to Tagg his Point with *Right Honourable*, he mounts a little step higher, and Dubs himself a *Lord* by the Title of *Baron Fuller*; for it was observable, in all his shapes; he was very unwilling to part with his Sirname, for whither Major, Collonel, Sir *William*, or Lord in the Front, still *Fuller* brought up the Rear. Here he drove at a high Rate, till Fortune one day unhappily play'd a Sly Jades Trick; for when several of the Highest Nobility one Night were at a publick Gaming, our Baron not to stand out put in for one of the Fair Gamesters, where 'twas his misfortune to loose all his Money; and his

last

last stake being gone, he pulled out a small Bill of Exchange of 30 *l*, charged by Mr. *John Stainsborough*, Hop-Merchant in *Thames-street*, *London*, upon *Myn Heer Van Wyke* Merchant in *Amsterdam* payable to *William Baron Fuller*, or his *Order*, without any further Advice. This Stake went currant in play, no body doubting a person of his Honour, and consequently the Bill as substantial as ready Money. But his Bill, in short followed his Gold; our Gamster lost all he playd for. But when the Bill was tendered to *Myn Heer*, here was no Advice (as the Bill mentioned) wanting, for at the first sight he own'd it a Counterfeit, but this not fully satisfying the Person that tendered it, it happened that an *English Gentleman* being by, made bold to tell him, *that he was afraid the Lord was as Counterfeit as the Bill, for to his certain knowledge, there was no* English Nobleman *of that Name, and to confirm what he said, he sent for the* Present State of England, *offering to lay twice the 30 pound, that no such Title could be found in the whole Catalogue of the* English Nobility.

In this *Flanders* Ramble his Bank somewhat sunk, he happens into Company with one Mr. M.—— a Native of *Holland*, and one of the Kings Messengers. His Occasions wanting a new supply, and some new Arts to raise it, he thought fit to strike in and try his Fortune with this Gentleman. The Discourse between 'em, discovering that the Messenger scarce ever lay still, that he had been upon several Expeditions with Expresses, *&c.* to several Courts on his Majesties Account, and consequently imagining that the Messenger whose Business lay so wide, and himself so always upon Motion, was undoubtedly an Absolute Stranger to the Name of *Fuller* either as Coll. Major, Esq; Sir *William* or Baron, or any of his Pranks under any of those Titles, and in all likelyhood like to continue so; with this consideration he resolves to pass now for Sir *William Fuller*, an *English* Baronet newly come to his Estate, his Father Sir *William* not two Years dead, himself newly arriv'd in *Flanders*, but just come on shore, his whole Business here being to spend a little

little Money, ſee a few Faſhions, and ſo return home to his Family and Tennants, with all the Priviledges of a Traveller, *viz.* To be able to tell Wonders to the homebred Country Gentlemen his Neighbours, that ſcarce ever Travelled beyond their own Grounds; to give the two young Ladies his Maiden Siſters a Character of a *Dutch Froe*, and deſcribe 'em the Difference between a *Flandrian* and an *Engliſh Gallant*; And likewiſe to ſee a little of a Warlike Campagne abroad, that he might talk Miracles to his Peaceful Brother Militia Captains at Home, and ſee ſome other Foreign Novelties, as might furniſh out a modiſh Gentlemans Converſation at his return: And this truly was all the deſign he had in this Quarter of the World. The Meſſenger much delighted with the Gayety of his Humour, expreſt his ready Inclination to do him any ſervice in his Power. Our Sir *William* returning the Complyment, told him he would take him at his word, and the Favour he would beg of him ſhould be this, to be ſome part of a Guide to him in a Country where he was ſo much a Stranger, deſiring his Directions in his intended Ramble and Travels. The Meſſenger proud of obliging him in that Civil Courteſie, told him he ſhould want no Inſtructions of that kind, and indeed 'twould be no little pride to him, could himſelf be his Companion in his Travells; that is, if his own troubleſome Employ would permit: But as that rendered him uncapable of receiving that happineſs, however nothing in his part ſhould be wanting to gratifie ſo worthy a Gentlemen in ſo poor a ſervice, and if he pleaſed to honour him by viſiting an Uncle of his at *Rotterdam*, a Brugher of ſome ſmall Faſhion there, he would by a Letter do him that Juſtice to his Uncle, that his Uncles beſt ſervices ſhould be ready to oblidge him in a higher meaſure then his own weaker Abilities cou'd do. This Generous Engagement from Mr. *M*—— you may imagine, occaſioned a Courtly Complimental Anſwer.

But to ſhorten the Flouriſhing part of our Hiſtory, the Meſſenger and the Baronet grew intimate, and a Recommendatory

mendatory Epiſtle was prepared for him to his Uncle; and *Rotterdam* is the next place that our Traveller muſt viſit But before our new Sworn Friends part, the Baronet being in a ſtrange place, and and all his Travelling Treaſure in Bills, and thoſe unfortunately drawn upon Merchants in *Amſterdam*, he has a preſent occaſion for a ſmall ſpill of about 200 *Guelders* to ſupply his pocket till his Receipts from *Amſterdam*, and therefore he makes bold to trouble his Friend for that Diminitive Sum, to be repayed upon Demand with Thanks. The 200 *Guelders* without the leaſt ſcruple were inſtantly furniſht; and our Baronet thus Equip'd ſets forward to *Rotterdam*.

Here he is no ſooner Arrived but the Uncle is kind above Imagination, Treats him moſt Sumptuouſly, pays him all the Addreſſes ſuitable to the Quality of his Honourable Gueſt, brings him into the Converſation of ſeveral Rich Merchants, who all of 'em grew extreamly fond of his Company, being indeed a Darling among 'em. During his ſtay here he ſtrikes in with the Uncle for much about the ſame Sum he had before borrowed from his Nephew the Meſſenger, and does it with that *ala mode de negligence*, that truly 'twas impoſſible to deny him any thing, his pretenſions for borrowing, being only occaſioned by their own overkindneſs to him, for he is ſo highly careſſed by the Uncle and his worthy Friends, that he cannot get looſe from their Embraces to go to *Amſterdam*, to receive his own Bills. Amongſt the ſeveral *Rotterdam* Acqnaintance, he grew mightily Intimate with a *Scotch* Merchant who more paſſionately Doated upon him then any of 'em all; with him he grows ſo bold, that having a bill of 300 *l. Engliſh Money* to receive at *Amſterdam*, he gets him to lend him 150 *l.* of the Money, all under the old pretence, that he cannot ſtir yet from his overkind Friends.

Having thus neatly trumpt upon the doating Sir *Credulous*, he is not content with this pretty handſome Squeeze, but in ſome few days after, privately underſtanding that ſome Affairs call'd our *Scotch Adventurer* very ſpeedily to *Amſterdam*, he

he resolved to pass the Slur upon him once more. *Sir*, says our Baronet, *I am so tied by the Leg, that I despair of ever getting free from the daily Importunities of my good Friends here, and could heartily wish you would take the trouble off my hands, of getting me one of my* Amsterdam *Bills received. Noble Sir*; replyed the kind *Scot*, *I have some Occasions in some few Days thither my self.* The Knight seemingly transported at that good Fortune, made Answer. *Nay then Sir, I'll be so bold as to make use of my worthy Friend, without seeking any farther, if you'll please to favour me with* 50 l. *more, to the Sum you have already pleasured me with: Pray take this* 300 l. *Bill, and receive the Money, and then pay me the Remainder at your Return.*

To make even Money on't, the *Scotch-man* deposites the Additional 50 *l.* without the least scruple, and takes the Paper Pledge for his Security. Upon this 200 *l.* out of one Pocket, and so slender a Mortgage for it, our serious Sir *William* begins to consider that his Affairs are now upon their Critical Point, and therefore so orders matters, that that Morning our *Scotchman* moves towards *Amsterdam*, Our Baronet has extraordinary Occasions to meet some Friends newly Landed from *England* at *Helvetsluys*, and to palliate the Business, he received Letters the very Night before, which laid an Indispensible Obligation upon him of meeting them there, one of the Company being of no meaner a quality than an Earl, to whom he had the Honour by his Mother side to be Nephew. The Duty therefore that lay upon him on this Occasion, superseded all other Obligations, and he must be forced to borrow himself for some few Days from his kind Friend his Landlord, but faithfully promising his Return, and withal, not doubting but to bring my Lord his Honourable Relation to *Rotterdam*, whom he was sensible would be highly thankful to him for the great Favours he had heap'd upon his Nephew, he formally takes his Leave.

No sooner came he to *Helvetsluys*, but by an accursed Caprice of Fortune, who should he meet but a particular Friend

of

of Major General *K*—'s, who privately takes our Sir *William* aside, and tells him, there were 200 Guineas long owing to the Major General, and which must be paid upon sight: Our Sir *William* was almost Thunderstruck at this Accident, and began a softening kind of a Speech to him; but the Gentleman who had no leisure for talking, cut him short in this manner. *Look you Sir,* (says he) *the 200 Guineas were borrowed by fine Words, and Sweet Looks, but hark you, Sir* Knight, *they must not be so paid. In short, I give you this Choice, either pay down the utmost Doit of the Money, or look to be Jayl'd for a Cheat and a Rascal. I confess, if thou wert a Gentleman, I would give thee a third Choice; that is, to go into the Field with me, and there give me the pleasure of cutting thy Throat for thy Villany to my Honourable Friend the Major General; but as thou art a Scoundrel, that's an Honour too great for thee. And so, as I told thee before, of the two take thy choice.* The poor Sir *William* at this last blow, almost knock'd down like one of his Fathers Heifers, for some few Minutes stood Speechless; but at last recovering Soul enough to breathe and speak once more, he told the Gentleman he would give him the utmost Satisfaction he was able; that truly he was ashamed of his Ingartitude to the Major General, but whatever he had deserved from his hands, he hoped both he and his Friends were Men of such Goodness and Worth, that if he strained hard to pay him 200 Guineas, they would graciously please upon his humble Supplication, which he would make upon his Knees, to seek no farther Satisfaction nor punishment for his faults. That therefore he hoped the Gentleman would be so kind as to be silent in the matter, least the exposing of him might be his utter ruin, which alas would be a poor Trophy for so noble a Gentleman as the Major General. Nay, says the Gentleman, pay but the Mony, you owe my Friend, and cheat all the World besides in the Devil's Name. For my my own part, I'll be so far from exposing thee, that I'll rather push on the Jest than baulk it.

upon

Upon this ſmall Comfort, and ſome farther Aſſurances from the Gentleman on the ſame Account, he made hard ſhift, from the 200 *l.* from the kind *Scot* (which, as good Fortune would have it, was yet untouch'd,) and the addition of a Gold Watch, to ſatisfie the whole ſumm demanded. The Gentleman ſeeing the Moveable *viz.* the Watch in too, to help up the ſumm, began to have ſome Commiſeration upon him. Well, *poor Raſcal* (ſays he) *I will not undo thee quite, there's five Gueneas back again for thee for working Tools, till thou makeſt the next Bite for more*; and ſo, true to his Promiſe, without words o noiſe he takes his leave.

Our poor ſimple Travellor reduced to this ſmall ſtake of five Guineas, is not a little diſconſolate at his Calamity; however conſidering his Credit's above Deck, though his Pocket is a little under Hatches, 'tis ſome Mitigation to his greif; and reſolving to truſt Fortune once more, he plucks up a Spirit; puts on a good Face, and looks out ſharp for new Game.

He has no ſooner ſhook off all Care, and baniſh'd all Sorrow, but he happens to meet with two or three *Engliſh* Merchants waiting for a paſſage to *Harwich*, he ſoon makes one with 'em; where bearing up the Port of an *Engliſh* Barronet, in an hours Converſation he begins to be a familiar Acquaintance, talks much of his Travels, that he was a great Man at Court, formerly the late Queens Page, but ſince he came to Age, and his Eſtate, a Gentleman of Their now Majeſties Bed-Chamber; that he was returning for *England*, & expected a King's Yatch for his Paſſage, to which theſe *Engliſh* Gentlemen ſhould be welcome, and that he had by Letters ordered his Coach and ſix Horſes from his Seat at *Cobhamhall*, to attend him at *Harwich*.

This Account from our Bed-Chamberman, procured him a great many Legs and Scrapes from the Merchants, who in Duty bound, returned his Honour a kind Acknowledgment for the Favour of his Yatch, they having deſign'd their Paſſage by the Packet Boat. No, by no means, he muſt beg that Favour of 'em; and not only ſo, but to take a part of his Coach from *Harwich* to *London*. He

had at present only one Servant attending him, and the Divertsion of good Company, would be an Obligation of the highest value.

The Merchants were in no small Confusion at this Extravagant Generosity from a Stranger, and a Person of his Rank. But waiting for our Royal Yatcht, our Expectants were all disappointed, Wind, Tide, or some other cross Accident was in fault, for no Yatcht came: insomuch that instead of a Kings Cabin, our Grandee was forced to make one with the Merchants in the homely Packet-Boat. Our short Voyage quick Dispatcht, no sooner were we all safe at Port, but Inquirie at the *Inns* in *Harwich* was made for a Coach and Six Horses that waited for Sir *William Fuller*, to which being answered in the Negative, that no such Coach was or had been there; He fell into a great Passion, called his Steward a great many Rogues and Villains for this impudent neglect of his Commands, that his Letter that ordered his Coach, he was certain he must have received; that there was no Wind or Tide could hinder his Coach from Traveling, whatever they had done to disapoint him of his Yatcht; that the Negligence of his Servants was unpardonable, and when he saw 'em he should reward 'em accordingly. Now one thing I should have told you, he had Struck in with one of these Merchants for Ten Guineas; for a Person of his Quality, to want so poor a Sum, was only thro his Distance from home, and the long stay abroad, that had lickt him up some considerable Hundreds more than he Expected. Thereupon being defeated of his Coach and Six Horses, and thereby not only unable at present to repay the Ten Guineas, but what grieved him more, that he could not obliege his worthy Friends as Engaged, he begg'd a Thousand Pardons of 'em.

One little Escape I had almost Omitted. In the *Packet-Boat* he met with one who very intimately knew him, *viz.* when he was my Lady *Melforts* Page. This Person at present under some Cloud, being a Noblemans Discarded Servant, made bold to borrow of his old Croney a Crown; and upon this Encouragement, once or twice more requested

ed a further Favour of two or three Half Pieces of him, which our prudent Sir *William* to ſtop tatling pretty willingly lent him; but at laſt hearing his Fellow Traveller, the gay *Baronet*, talk at that Prodigious Rate to his Mates the *Engliſh* Merchants, he whiſpered him once more and deſired to be pleaſured with a Brace of Guineas. Our Knights Fund at this time none of the ſtrongeſt, and good Nature ſomewhat tired with ſo troubleſome a Petitioner, he was pleaſed to refuſe this importunate Suppliant. Upon which his humble Addreſſor changing his Note, began to talk hard words, that if he denyed him this Favour, he ſhould take the boldneſs to cackle, and make ſome not overgrateful Illuſtrations to his Merchant Friends, upon the true Birth and Pedegree of their Honourable Friend Sir *William*, *&c.* Our Sir *William* a little nettled, but not outbraved with all theſe threatnings, wiſely runs to his Friends, and crys Whore firſt; tells 'em that an impudent fellow in the Boat whom he never ſaw before, and on whom he had beſtowed ſome Charity, had the Inſolence to ask to borrow two Guineas of him; which being denyed him, the ungrateful Villain with that forehead of Braſs, that he had never mett with in his whole Life, pretended to aſperſe him with a parcel of Lyes and Forgeries, ſuch as he almoſt trembled to hear; that the Rogue would come and tell his worthy Friends forſooth, that he was a Cheat, ſome pittyful Scoundrel like himſelf, and other ſuch impudent Stuff that made his Hair ſtand on End but to Repeat. The Merchants were much concerned at this hideous Affront to their Honourable Friend: And in ſhort the Matter came to a Tryal of Skill; For the whole Life and Pedigree of this pretended Knight was reap'd up before 'em, in which the Knight ſo outbrav'd all the poor Accuſer could ſay, that he clearly carry'd the Cauſe; inſomuch that at laſt it came to a Challenge between the Knight and the Impeacher, in which the two Merchants on the Knights ſide, and two other Paſſengers for the other Principal, were to have been their Seconds; But the Quarrelling Part before they came a Shore was huſht; and though this Accuſer took the Merchant (that had lent him the Ten Guineas) aſide,

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and bid him have a care of the Impostor, engaging to make out the Truth of all he had said; Nevertheless, our Sir *William* held that intire Ascendant that he would not believe one Syllable against him.

But to return to *Harwich*. The Coach and Six Horses being wanting, the Knight and his Companions came in a hired Coach to *London*; and there taking leave, he Invited 'em to meet him at Dinner at a Tavern in *Queens-Street* near *Cheapside* on *Thursday* sevennight following, against which time he would have a fat Buck from his Park at *Cobham Hall* to entertain 'em, and then pay the Ten Guineas borrowed. The Merchants accordingly with some Friends (one whereof an Oyle Man in *Aldersgate-Street*) met at the Tavern on the day, but to their Suprise found neither Dinner, Venison, nor Knight provided. This Defeat strangely exasperated the Merchant that lent him the Ten Guineas, that more out of revenge than value of the Money, he made it his Business to hunt him through the whole Town, till at last he fixt him at a House over against the *Charterhouse*: here he found it cursed hard to get at him, for he lived upon the Sculk, came in Late, and went out Early; however, resolved to Snapp him, he came with his Officers at 11 one Night, resolving to keep 'em upon the watch all Night, himself, and his Oyle-man Friend with him. The Spark was then going to Bed, but his man discovering some Persons at the Door, which he fancied waited for his Master, he slipt to the Constable and Watch, and told 'em there were Thieves designed to break open such a House; the Constable and his Mirmidons thus Allarm'd, came to do their Duty; when seing their Substantial Neighbour the Oyle-man, one of the Gange of Thieves, upon Examination they found out the whole Roguery: And instead of Apprehending joyned with them, and so far prevailed with the Landlord as to open his Door, and let in the Officers; who Arrested him in his Chamber, and hurried him to a *Spunging-House*, from whence on the 18th of *November* last he was by *Hab Cor.* removed to the *Kings-Bench*.

It seems now that all his old Arreers are to be paid at once, for

for on the 18*th* of *November* last, he was brought over to the *Kings Bench* by *Habeas Corpus*, and Lodged at one of the *Tipstaffs* Houses, under careful Tuition. The *Marshal* was pretty well pleased that they had retrieved their Fugitive, and giving him a visit, he asked him the Reason why he made so ungrateful a Return, for his Keepers kindness in *July* last, in making that former Escape: To which he impudently made Answer, *he did it by the Queens Special Order*.

In these Melancholy Circumstances, his Projecting Head, about the end of *December*, put him upon Addressing to the *House of Commons*, concerning his new Discovery; The Credit he thought he had gained in Mr. *Crones Diminitive Cause*, made him presume upon the Foundation of the Inconsiderable Truths delivered then, to raise Airy Castles and Mountain Prodigies now. Accordingly, he writes two Letters to the *Speaker*, whereupon, *January* the first, he was Ordered by the *Marshal* of the *Kings Bench*, to Attend the House on the *Monday* following.

According to that Order, he appeared before the House, the 4*th*. of *January* and had a Hearing before 'em, upon which was resolved, that an humble Application should be made to His Majesty, that he would please to Grant to Mr. *Fuller* a Blank Pass for two persons, for their safe coming from beyond Sea, or any other place hither to give their Evidence, and for their safe Protection while they are here, and their safe return if desired.

On the 22*d*, of *February*, the House being acquainted by the *Marshal* of the *Kings Bench*, that Mr. *Fuller* was very ill, and not able to attend the House according to Order, several Members were appointed to repair to him, and take his Examinations and Information upon Oath, to secure his Papers, and Examine him who his Witnesses were, where they lived, and where to be found. And the House being farther acquainted by one of the Members, where the said Witnesses would be that Morning, the said Member was ordered to go to the place and bring 'em to the House.

On the 23*d* of *February*, one of the Members of Parliament (according to the order of the day) Reported, that

the Members appointed, had repaired to Mr. *Fuller*, *Had taken his Examination and Information upon Oath, and secured his Papers, and Examined who his Witnesses were, and where to be found.* Which Papers and Examinations were delivered at the Table Sealed, and there opened and Read by the whole House. Mr. *James Hayes*, and *Coll. Tho. Dalavell*, being mentioned by *Fuller*, to be the two Witnesses, and he having directed where they Lodged, and describ'd 'em to the Member that had repaired to him; several Members of the House were Ordered to bring the said Persons with them: and accordingly the Members appointed went, and Returned with this Report to the House, that they had been at the place directed by *Fuller*, but upon Inquiry there, both of the said Persons Names and the Descriptions of their Persons, they could not hear of any such Persons to have Lodged either at that place, or the adjacent Houses, the Persons who owned the said Houses, being all ignorant of any such Persons Whereupon the House ordered that Mr. *Fuller* should procure his said *Two Witnesses to attend the House to Morrow Morning at Ten a Clock, peremptorily.*

But that Morrow being a Day quite out of his Almanack, and the whole Juggle and Shuffle now plainly appearing, it was declared by the whole House, *February* 24. *Nemine contradicente*, that the said *Fuller was a notorious Impostor, a Cheat, and a false Accuser; that he had scandaliz'd Their Majesties and their Government, abused the House, and accused several persons of Honour and Quality; and that an humble Address should be presented to his Majesty, to command his Attorney General, to prosecute him accordingly.*

After this just Brand set upon him, and the prospect of a condign punishment, now speedily to attend him, I shall only inform the Reader, that when his swearing Hand was in, he accused no less than 28 Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and 15 Commoners, most of which of no mean Quality.

I shall only add a little Account of his Deportment in his Confinement; first, he affected his old Title of Collonel still; nay, suffers himself to be call'd Collonel to this very day. Upon the Credit he thought he should get by his Plot,

Plot, he bore himself with a very high strut and big look to the Tipstaff his Landlords Son, and others; he offer'd 'em places in his Gift at the *Custome-House*, or where they pleased, of near 200 *l.* a Year. One day he had the Impudence to write a Letter to the Arch Bishop, who smiling at the Confidence of the Man; a Gentleman then attending his Grace, for the Humour sake, came to visit him at the Tipstaffs, which happening at Noon-time, he was at Dinner with 2 Fowls in a Dish, and two young Women at Table with him. The Gentleman told him, that he understood he had written a Letter to the Arch-Bishop. Yes Sir, replyed our Coll. and I have good Reason to write; here am I serving the King and the Church, and the Nation, by discovering the Plots and Designs of their Enemies, and whilst I am doing 'em all this service, I am kept here and Starved. *How* (replyed the Gentleman) *two Fowls, and two Mistresses, and complain of Starving! Troth, Sir, I think one Fowl, and one Mistress at a time, would make shift to keep you from that Danger.*

In his Sickness, which disabled his Attendance upon the House, he slily indeavour'd to insinuate a Belief that he was poyson'd, imagining (as 'tis to be supposed) that such a Suggestion might have credited his Evidence, by being thought some design of the Plotters, to stifle his Discovery. A Day or two after this last Vote of the House of Commons, his pretended Indisposition continuing, perhaps in earnest, that mortifying Vote being sufficient to make him sick indeed, Mr. *Th*— an Eminent prisoner, a person that had given a little too fond an Ear to our Plot Witness (though at present somewhat ashamed of his over-Credulity) at his own Charge sent a Physitian to him. And at almost Midnight after, the Lecturer of the Parish was call'd to him, and desired to pray by him, who told him plainly, "That if he "would first deserve his Prayers, he should have 'em, *viz.* "if instead of the pretended Poyson he was sick of, he would "disgorge the true Poysons he had poyson'd the Nation "withal, and own the Motives and Causes why he Accused so many Innocent Persons of Honour, then he should have

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the Heartiest Prayers he could make for him. But till then he must excuse him, and so left him.

The next Morning the Curate was sent for, to intreat him to do that Christian Office, which the Lecturer had refused him, which the Curate readily consented to. And after some very Hearty Prayers suitable to the Sick Conscience he pray'd for, he modestly prest it home to him, concerning the many Persons of Honour he had Accused, till at last he frankly confest he had done 'em a great deal of wrong, *For all he had Sworn was not of his own Knowledge, but only from Hear say.*

He wheadled Dr. *Oats* out of Fifteen Pound (but upon what pretence our Examinants are not informed) and amongst other Actions lyes charged at his suite for 30 *l.*

It happned that two of the Waiters, either in the Spirit of Ale, or Spirit of Prophecy, were one day so overhardy, as to talk little of our great Evidence; that they believ'd he wou'd prove a second *Dangerfeild*, and his highest Preferment end in a Pillory or Carts-Taile. This coming to his Ears, he fell into that Mortal Dudgeon against 'em, that the *Marshal* was forced to turn them both out of their places, and glad he could come off so cheap; though 'tis true, since the last *House of Commons* Vote, he has Restored them again.

But above all, one thing is strangely Remarkable, that notwithstanding he lay charged with so many Actions; one of 'em particularly of a 1000 *l.* at the *Marshals* Suite for his last Escape; and as slippery a Prank as he had plaid 'em before; Nevertheless he had that strange Influence on the *Tipstaff* that had him in Custody, to be several days truly abroad without a Keeper. For instance within Six Weeks last, he made three Several Visits to an old Friend in *Wood-Street* (where the whole Family will Attest it for Truth) without any Waiter Attending him. Now certainly he must either have some mighty Hopes of doing Wonders by his Plots; or else must lye under some strange Infatuation; that he did not run away from such a Load of Debts, that 'tis impossible he can look for less than starving under 'em. For I dare Swear for him, 'twas not out of pure Honour, to be true to his Parole that made him slip so many Occasions of Escaping.

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